



FEATURING A NEW STAR...COWBOY SAHIB!



No 26
DEC.

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

10¢

NEW...
BLAZING...
DIFFERENT!
Cowboy Sahib!
...THE WYOMING
WADDIE WHO DARED
JUNGLE PERILS...
for an
EMPIRE!



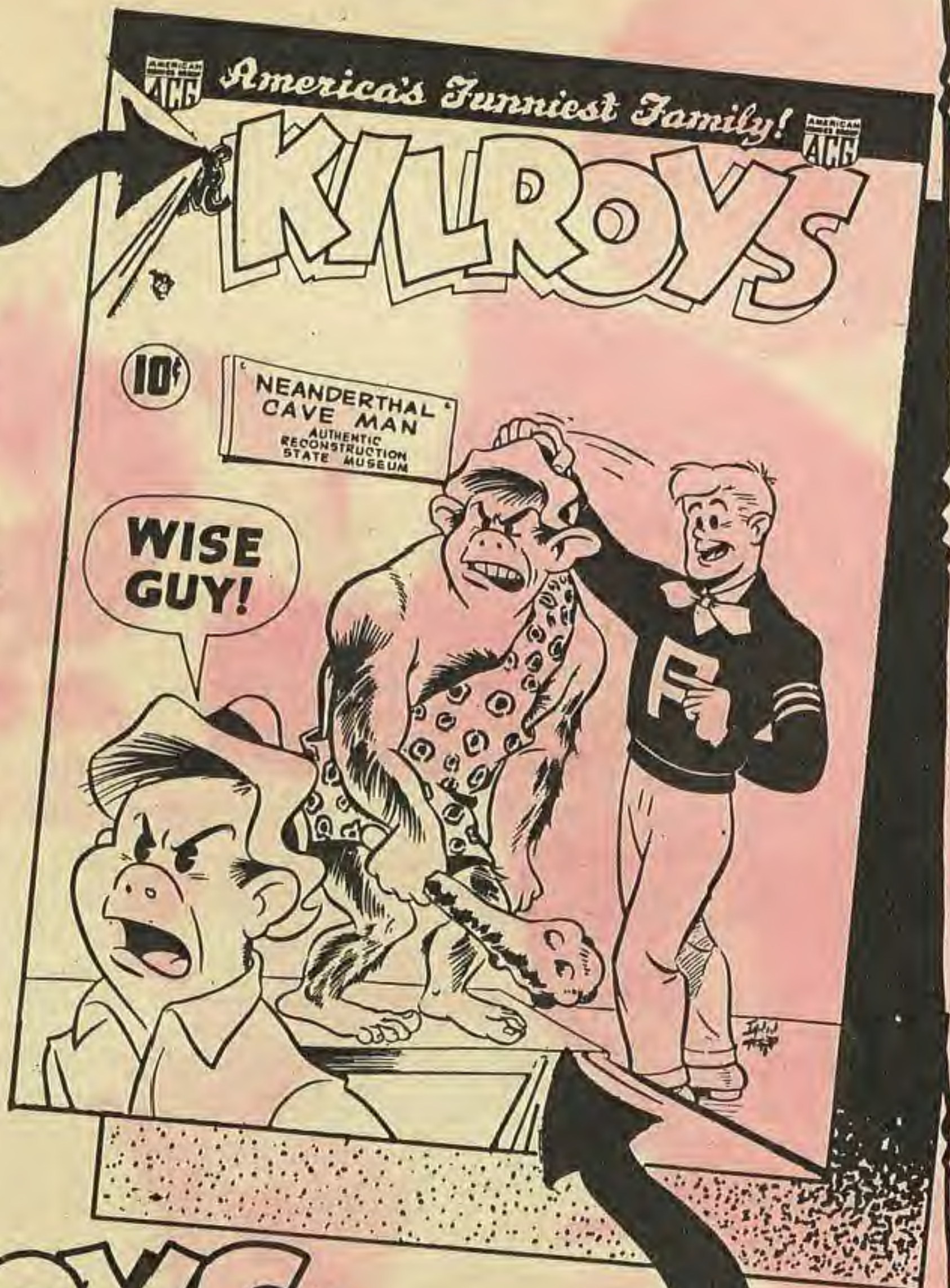
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-
TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO
'NATCH', THE TERRIFIC TEEN-
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB--AND
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN
PERSON!
THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT
TO SAY **KILROY WAS
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



Read *The* KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

ON ALL
STANDS

and

YOU'D BETTER
HURRY!



You've thrilled to sagas of the old west--tensed to tales of the flaming frontier where Judge Colt was law and badmen and painted Injuns ruled the plains! Now get set for spine-tingling western action that's **NEW--** that's **DIFFERENT!** Gone are chuckwagons, dogies and bunkhouses! In their place, amazingly, you'll find tigers, cobras, sinister natives! And pitted against the deadly dangers of the mysterious jungles of India, a ripsnorting buckaroo such as you've **NEVER** met -- **COWBOY SAHIB!**

TIME: WORLD WAR II. PLACE: AN ALLIED AIR-FIELD IN THE C.B.I. THEATRE. AND, AS USUAL-- HIGH BRASS SOUNDING OFF--



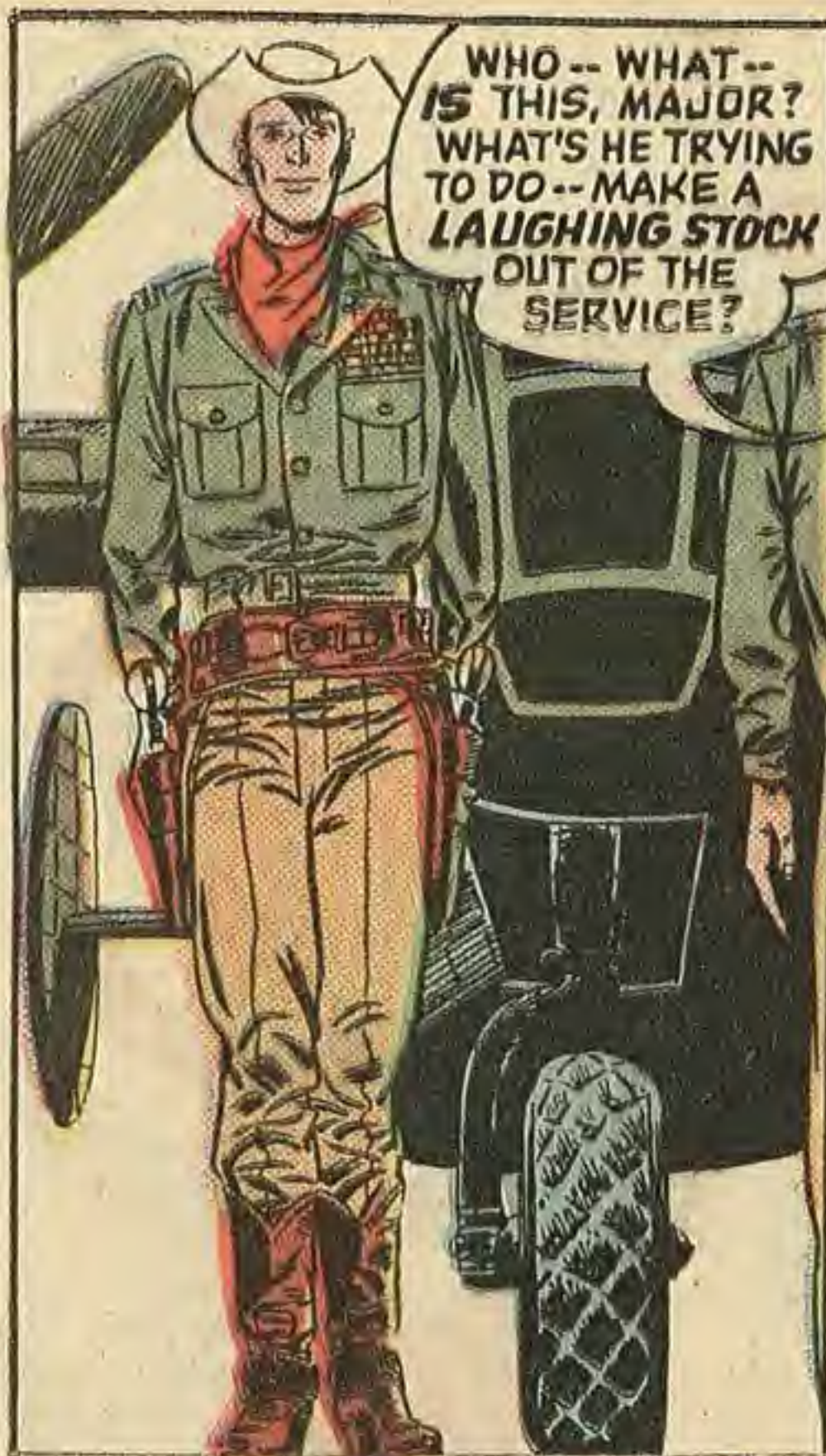
GOOD THING I GOT HERE IN TIME TO REVIEW YOUR PERSONNEL BEFORE THEY LEFT ON THEIR MISSION! YOUR OUTFIT'S SLOPPY, MAJOR-- **SLOPPY!** THE MEN HAVE TO TOE THE MARK AND DO THINGS THE **ARMY** WAY-- NO PRIMADONNAS!



ONE WAY I TELL A REAL ARMY MAN IS BY HIS SHOES! WELL-SHINED, REGULAR G.I. ISSUE! LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING'S ROGER HERE ---



ULP!



WHO-- WHAT--
IS THIS, MAJOR?
WHAT'S HE TRYING
TO DO-- MAKE A
LAUGHING STOCK
OUT OF THE
SERVICE?



ER-- THAT'S
COWBOY
KING, SIR--
JOE KING--
ONE OF OUR
BEST PILOTS!
HE'S--AH--
FROM
WYOMING--

I DON'T CARE
WHERE HE'S
FROM-- **LOOK**
AT HIM! AND
LOOK AT HIS
PLANE!
COMPLETELY
UNORTHODOX!
AGAINST
ARMY
REGULATIONS!



YOU! YOU'RE JUST A SHOWBOAT,
THAT'S WHAT! HAND OVER THAT
RIDICULOUS SOMBRERO AND THOSE
GUNS-- WE'RE NOT GOING TO WIN
THIS WAR BY
WESTERN
METHODS!
THAT WILL
BE ALL!



AND AS A SHORN COWBOY
DEPARTED ON HIS MISSION--

THAT BIG BABOON!
IF HE ONLY KNEW YOUR
RECORD -- HOTTEST
ROCK PILOT IN
THE C.B.I.--

THE
GOLDURN
CUSS TOOK
MUH STETSON
AN' MUH GUNS--
AN' IF HE'D ONLY
KNOWN MUH ROPE
WAS IN THE PLANE,
HE'D O'TAKEN THAT,
TOO! CONSARN
IT, HE'S RILED
UP MUH DANDER--
I GOTTA WORK
IT OFF SOME
WAY!

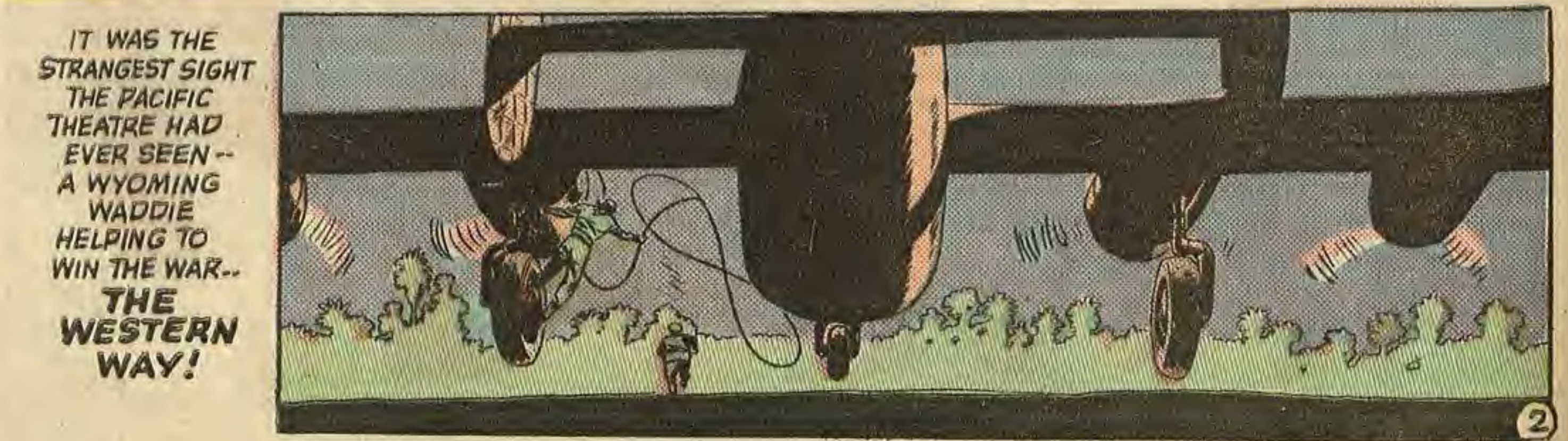


IT WAS A SURPRISE RAID THAT
HIT MARANA ISLAND, BLASTING
JAP INSTALLATIONS WITH
DEADLY EFFECT!



WHAT ARE YOU
TAKING HER DOWN
FOR? SINCE WHEN
DOES A BOMBER
GO IN FOR
STRAFING?

STOW IT-- I'M
SPILIN' FER
TROUBLE! ONE
O' THEM
WADDIES SCUTTIN'
FER SHELTER DOWN
THAR LOOKS LIKE
JAP TOP BRASS!
TAKE OVER! I'M
A-GONNA WORK
SOME OF THE
MIS'RY OUTA MUH
ROPIN' ARM!



IT WAS THE
STRANGEST SIGHT
THE PACIFIC
THEATRE HAD
EVER SEEN--
A WYOMING
WADDIE
HELPING TO
WIN THE WAR--
**THE
WESTERN
WAY!**



WELL, YOU'VE
SEEN HOW
JOE KING,
COWBOY,
WAGED WAR!
AND ON THAT
WONDERFUL
DAY WHEN
PEACE WAS
USHERED IN--

COWBOY JOE
HAD SO MANY
SERVICE POINTS
THAT THEY GAVE HIM
HIS DISCHARGE
PRONTO! BOY--
BET HE CAN'T WAIT
TO HIT THE RANGE!
HE'S **ONE** GUY WHO'LL
NEVER WANT TO SEE
INDIA AGAIN!



OUT OF THE WAY,
BUFFALO BILL--
WANNA GET RIDDEN
DOWN? IT'S ONE
OF THEM FANCY
NATIVE SULTANS
AND HIS GANG!

SIMMER DOWN,
HOMBRE, AN'
LOOK! DO YUH
SEE WHAT
I SEE?



SO WHAT?
HIZZONER
OWNS A
WILD HORSE!

YEAH, BUT **WHAT**
A HOSS! I--I GOTTA
SEE WHAR THEY'RE
TAKIN' THE
CRITTER!



AND THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED
THAT A COWBOY MET A SULTAN--
A MEETING DESTINED TO CHANGE
BOTH THEIR LIVES!

I BEEN SAVIN'
ALL MUH PAY!
HERE'S \$2,000--
EVERY CENT OF
IT FER THAT
CAYUSE!

THIS IS NO
ORDINARY COW
PONY, FOOL--IT'S
A MOUNT OF
ROYAL LINEAGE!
STAMINA, COURAGE,
SPEED HAVE BEEN BRED
INTO IT-- I'D NEVER
SELL FOR SUCH A
TRIFLING SUM! BUT
IF YOU CAN **RIDE** HIM--
I'LL **GAMBLE**
FOR HIM!

IT WAS A CHALLENGE THAT JOE
COULDN'T REFUSE! HE DIDN'T KNOW
THAT HE WAS PITTED AGAINST A
HOOFED DEMON, A FIGHTING
WHIRLWIND--

NO, THERE'D NEVER BEEN A HORSE LIKE
THIS! IT CALLED FOR GUTS, FOR WESTERN
KNOW-HOW -- AND A SPECIALIST
ANSWERED THE CALL!

AND SO THE HORSE WAS BROKEN,
THE BATTLE WON! NOW A NEW
BATTLE COMMENCED-- GAMBLING
FOR THE GREAT STALLION--



BUCK, YUH
SON O'
PERDITION,
BUCK!



HE'S JOLTIN' -- MUH
BACKBONE-- CLEAR
THROUGH THE TOP
O' MUH SKULL! BUT
I'LL STICK -- I,
GOTTA STICK!

THREE ACES! NOT SO FAST! MEBBE
I'LL TAKE TWO AN' THREES
YOUR MONEY, AIN'T MUCH BY THEM-
YANKEE! SELVES, BUT WHEN
THEY MAKE A **FULL**
HOUSE... THEY WIN
WIN ME A HOSS!



THE SULTAN'S BLOOD WAS UP -- HE LUSTED FOR REVENGE! BUT HE WAS UP AGAINST A MASTER POKER-PLAYER, WHO'D LEARNED THE FINE POINTS IN BUNKHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE WEST! HAND AFTER HAND WENT AGAINST HIM -- UNTIL --

CONFOUND YOU, INFIDEL -- YOU'VE WON AGAIN! THAT'S THE LAST OF MY CASH!

TOUGH LUCK, SULTAN! BUT SAY, THAT RING O' YORES -- IT KINDA FASCINATES ME! TELL YUH WHAT, I'LL PLAY YUH FER THAT!



FOOL! KNOW THAT THIS IS NO MERE RING, BUT THE SYMBOL OF A REALM ITSELF -- AND HE WHO WEARS IT CAN CLAIM IT FOR HIS OWN!



ALL I KNOW IS IT'S A MIGHTY PURTY RING, AN' I COTTON TUH OWN IT! I'M WILLIN' TUH PUSH MUH LUCK A MITE FURTHER, AN' GIVE YUH A CHANCE TUH EVEN UP! ALL MY WINNINGS, OUTSIDE O' THE HOSS -- AGAINST THAT RING! WE'LL CUT FER HIGH CARD!

-- BUT BEFORE WE CUT, I'LL HELP MUHSELF TUH THIS ACE YUH'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER A CHANCE TUH USE! BETTER PLAY FAIR AND DON'T RILE ME -- OR --



A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THE COWBOY'S '45'S MADE THE INDIAN RULER MASK HIS VENOMOUS HATRED! THE CUT PROCEEDED -- AND --



WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW, WESTERN PIG? A QUEEN -- BEAT THAT!

SIMMER DOWN, HOMBRE -- I'VE DONE IT! A KING!



I'LL TAKE THE RING NOW! THANKS!

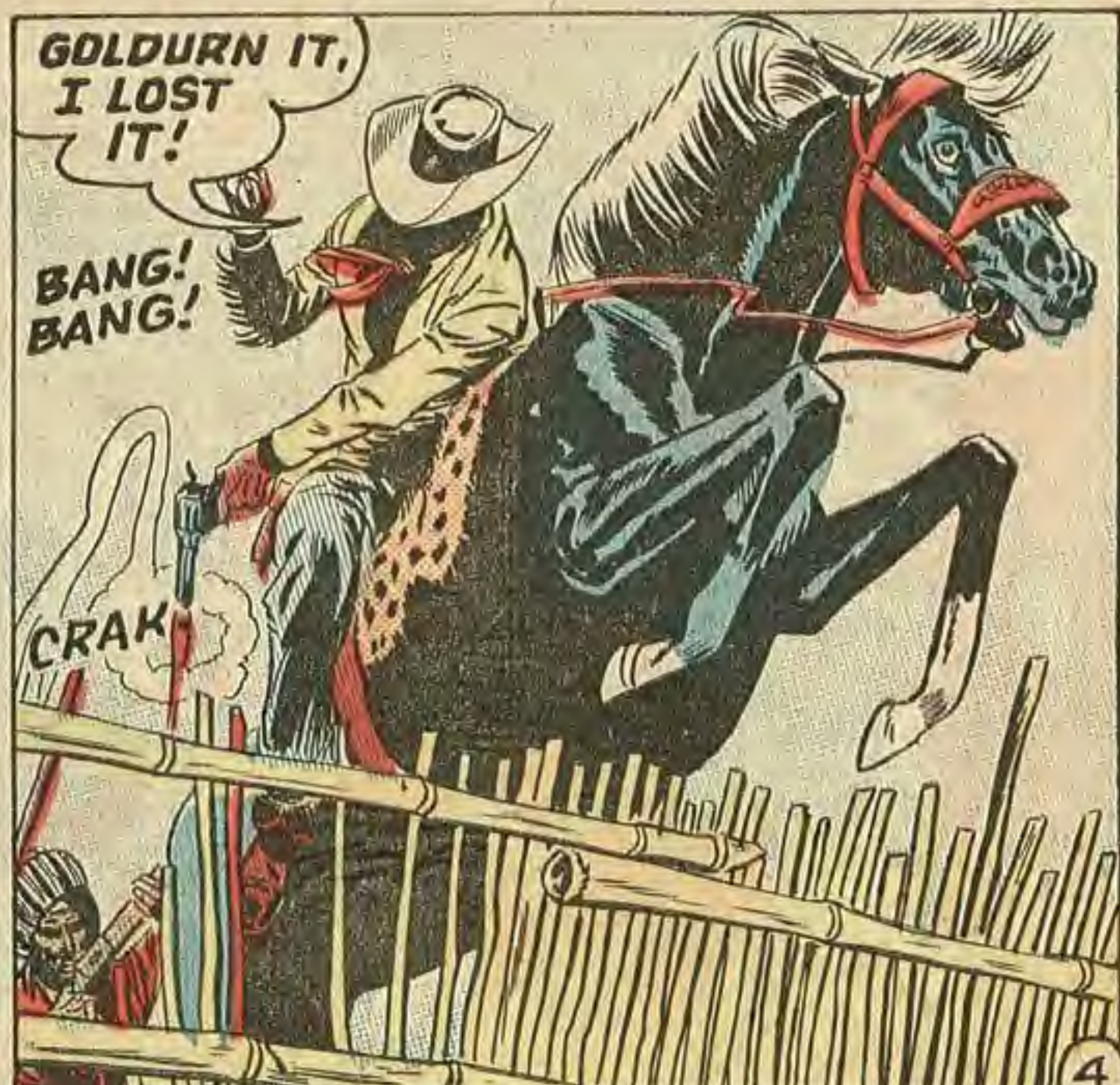
HO, GUARDS -- TO ME! KILL THIS INFIDEL!

BUT WITH CHAIN-LIGHTNING SPEED --



BACK, WADDIES! DON'T MAKE ME LOSE MUH TEMPER -- PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME LOSE MUH TEMPER!

BANG! BANG!



GOLDURN IT, I LOST IT!

BANG! BANG!

CRACK

AND SO COWBOY JOE WON A HORSE--
AND A RING! THE THIRD THING
THAT CAME HIS WAY, NEXT DAY, WAS
AN ANONYMOUS NOTE! MAYBE HE
SHOULD HAVE SENSED TROUBLE--BUT
HE WAS NEVER ONE FOR WORRYING---

If the Sahib will
come to the Nepal Cafe
this evening, he will
learn something to his
advantage-- unless he
is afraid!

WHOEVER
WROTE THIS
SHORE SENSED
MUH WEAK SPOT!
GOLDING IT, I'M
A-GOIN'!

GREAT DAY IN THE
MAWNIN'! ALREADY
I'M GLAD
I CAME!

Almita & Ramu

CAFE NEPAL

THERE WAS NOTHING THAT MADE
JOE CHANGE HIS MIND INSIDE --

GOSH, I NEVER SEEN ANY
GAL THAT PURTY! WHAT-
EVER I WAS SUPPOSED
TUH COME HERE FER--
I LIKE THIS BETTER!

SUDDENLY --

ENOUGH OF THIS, ALMITA!
YOU DARE WASTE YOUR CHARM
ON INFIDELS?

HOLD ON
THAR,
HOMBRE!

WHAR I HAIL FROM,
WE DON'T TREAT
LADIES LIKE THAT!

HE CAN'T ESCAPE FROM
US NOW THAT WE'RE
READY FOR HIM!
KILL THE
YANKEE DOG!

POW!

A MOMENT OF CRISIS-- AND THE COWBOY STRUCK!

PLEASE, LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE! COULD
YOU-- TAKE ME
HOME?

WHAM!

AT ALMITA'S DWELLING--

RECKON YUH'RE SAFE NOW,
MA'AM -- I'LL BE GOIN'
ALONG! IT-- IT SHORE
HAS BEEN A PLEASURE
KNOWIN' YUH!

BUT YOU CAN'T
LEAVE NOW! COME
IN, JUST FOR A
MOMENT! THERE'S
--SOMETHING
I WANT TO
TELL YOU!

THUD!

IT WAS HOURS LATER WHEN JOE RECOVERED -- IN A DARK AND DISTANT ALLEY --



THE--THE RING--IT'S GONE! SO THE GAL WAS A PLANT--AN' WHEN THEY MISSED OUT AT THE CAFÉ, SHE TOOK ME TUH HER HOUSE FER ANOTHER TRY! THAT RING MUST BE PLENTY VALUABLE -- RECKON I BETTER FIND OUT SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT AFORE I MAKE A TRY AT GETTIN' IT BACK!

AT A NEARBY MUSEUM --



THAT WAS SULTAN MALEVO -- AND WHAT HE TOLD YOU WAS RIGHT! THE RING IS THE ROYAL SYMBOL OF LARIJUNA, A NATIVE STATE HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS NEAR TIBET! ACCORDING TO ANCIENT TRADITION, THE HIGH PRIEST MUST CROWN WHOMEVER WEARS IT AS RULER!

AND SO, WITHIN THE MIND OF COWBOY JOE KING, A STRANGE RESOLVE WAS BORN! IT CARRIED HIM BACK TO THE NEPAL CAFÉ, WHERE --



WE WOULD HAVE SLAIN HIM AS YOU ORDERED, EXCELLENCY -- BUT THE GIRL TURNED SOFT!

THE INFIDEL SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO LIVE, FOOL! THE RING -- GIVE IT TO ME!



HOLD IT, YUH SIDE-WINDIN' RUSTLERS! I'LL TAKE THAT EMERALD!

SOK!



AS FER YOU, ALMITA, MEBBE YUH STOPPED 'EM FROM KILLIN' ME, BUT YUH'RE STILL A JEZEBEL -- A LYIN', NO-GOOD FEMALE -- AN' I HOPE I NEVER SEE YUH --

BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!



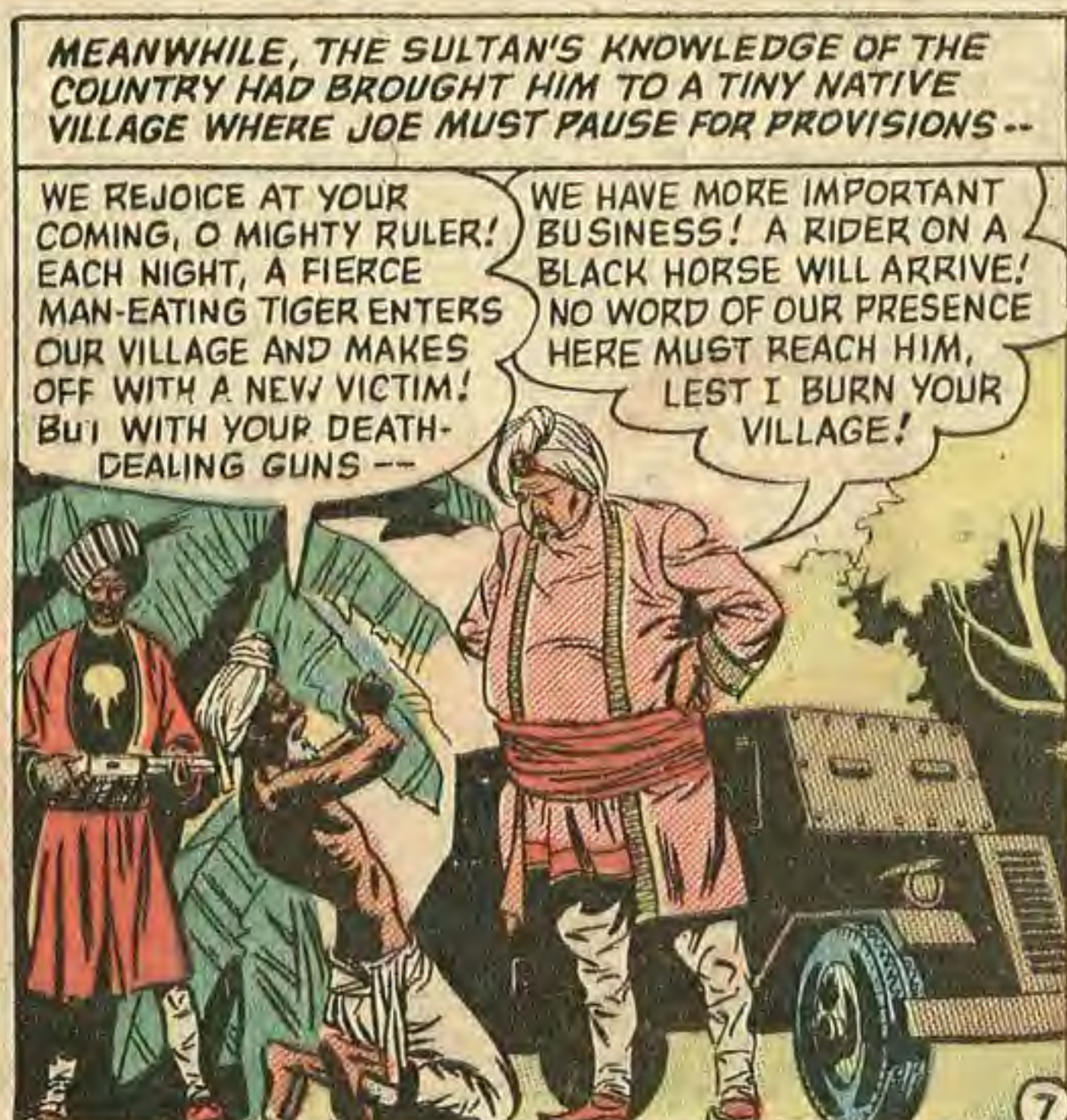
BANG!



YOU'VE KILLED HIM -- MY BROTHER -- AND FOR THAT, I SWEAR THE BLOOD OATH! NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE, WHERE YOU GO, I'LL FOLLOW -- AND NEVER REST UNTIL I SEE YOU DEAD AT MY FEET!



CITIES AND TOWNS WERE LEFT BEHIND AS THE WEARY DAYS PASSED! AND OVER MOUNTAINS--THROUGH JUNGLES --





THEY LEFT THE CAPTIVE GIRL
HELPLESS, AWAITING THE DREAD
MARAUDER OF THE NIGHT! HE
WASN'T LONG IN COMING --



NO -- NO! I'M GOING
TO DIE, BUT I--I MUSTN'T
CRY OUT! GIVE ME THE
STRENGTH -- TO
REMAIN SILENT--



BUT AS THE AWFUL BEAST STRUCK,
TERROR TOO GREAT FOR HUMAN
FLESH TO WITHSTAND
FOUND VOICE!



THAT WAS --
ALMITA!



TARNATION -- THAR
AIN'T A MOMENT
TUH LOSE!

NO--NO!



ARR-RRR!



NEXT MOMENT,
IN A DARING
LEAP --

ALL RIGHT, YUH
FIGHTIN' MAVERICK--
CUT LOOSE!



YES, THE STRIPED KILLER CUT LOOSE-- IN A DEADLY MAN-BEAST DUEL SUCH AS HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN! FIGHT, YOU JUNGLE ASSASSIN, FIGHT! FOR, THIS TIME, YOUR OPPONENT IS A BATTLING BUCKAROO FROM THE BADLANDS!



SULTAN MALEVO CHOSE THIS MOMENT TO MAKE HIS BID --



BANG! BANG! BANG!

CREEPIN' COVOTES-- WHAT A TIME FER THEM TUH SHOW UP! THAR'S ENOUGH O' THEM WADDIES TUH PICK ME OFF AT LONG RANGE-- WHICH MEANS I GOTTA SHORTEN THAT RANGE!

EVER TRY PUTTING SPURS TO A TIGER? HERE'S ONE COWBOY WHO DID -- WITH TERRIFIC EFFECT!



AND SO THE NATIVES WERE ROUTED-- AND THE TIGER, WHO'D ALSO HAD ENOUGH, SLUNK BACK TO HIS JUNGLE REFUGE! JOE RETURNED TO ALMITA--

WHERE -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ON, SISTER-- RECKON IT'S THE ONLY WAY I KNOW! I DON'T TURN BACK!



BUT THE SULTAN HAD COUNTED ON THIS! ALREADY HE HAD RALLIED THE REMNANTS OF HIS GUARD -- AND MILES FURTHER ON ALONG THE TRAIL --

HURRY-- CUT AWAY THE BRIDGE! WE'LL WAIT IN HIDING INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR, SAFE FROM HIM! THIS WILL BE A TRAP FROM WHICH HE CAN'T ESCAPE!



AS JOE AND ALMITA APPROACHED-- FROM THE SHADOW OF A CONCEALING BLUFF --

IT-- IT'S SULTAN MALEVO!

WE CAN'T RETREAT -- THEY'D SHOOT US DOWN LIKE DOGS! MUH MAP SHOWS THAR'S A NATIVE BRIDGE JEST AROUND THAT BEND IN THE TRAIL-- WE GOTTA MAKE A RUN FER IT!





AROUND THE
BEND OF THE
TRAIL - AND
INTO THE
MAW OF
IMPENDING
DOOM!

LOOK OUT!
THE BRIDGE--

THAR'S NO STOPPIN'!
HOLD TIGHT--
AN' PRAY!



IT WAS UP TO THE STEEL MUSCLES OF
THE MIGHTY STALLION NOW! OUT,
OUT INTO SPACE-- WITH
DEATH REELING FAR BELOW--

MAKE IT, HOSS!
MAKE IT!



BE SEEIN'
YUH, MALEVO!



BUT SEVERAL MILES
FURTHER ON, A
SURPRISE LEAVETAKING!

I DON'T
SAVVY!
SUPPOSIN'
THAR IS
A VILLAGE
NEAR HERE--
AREN'T YUH
GOIN' ON
WITH ME TUH
LARIJUNA?

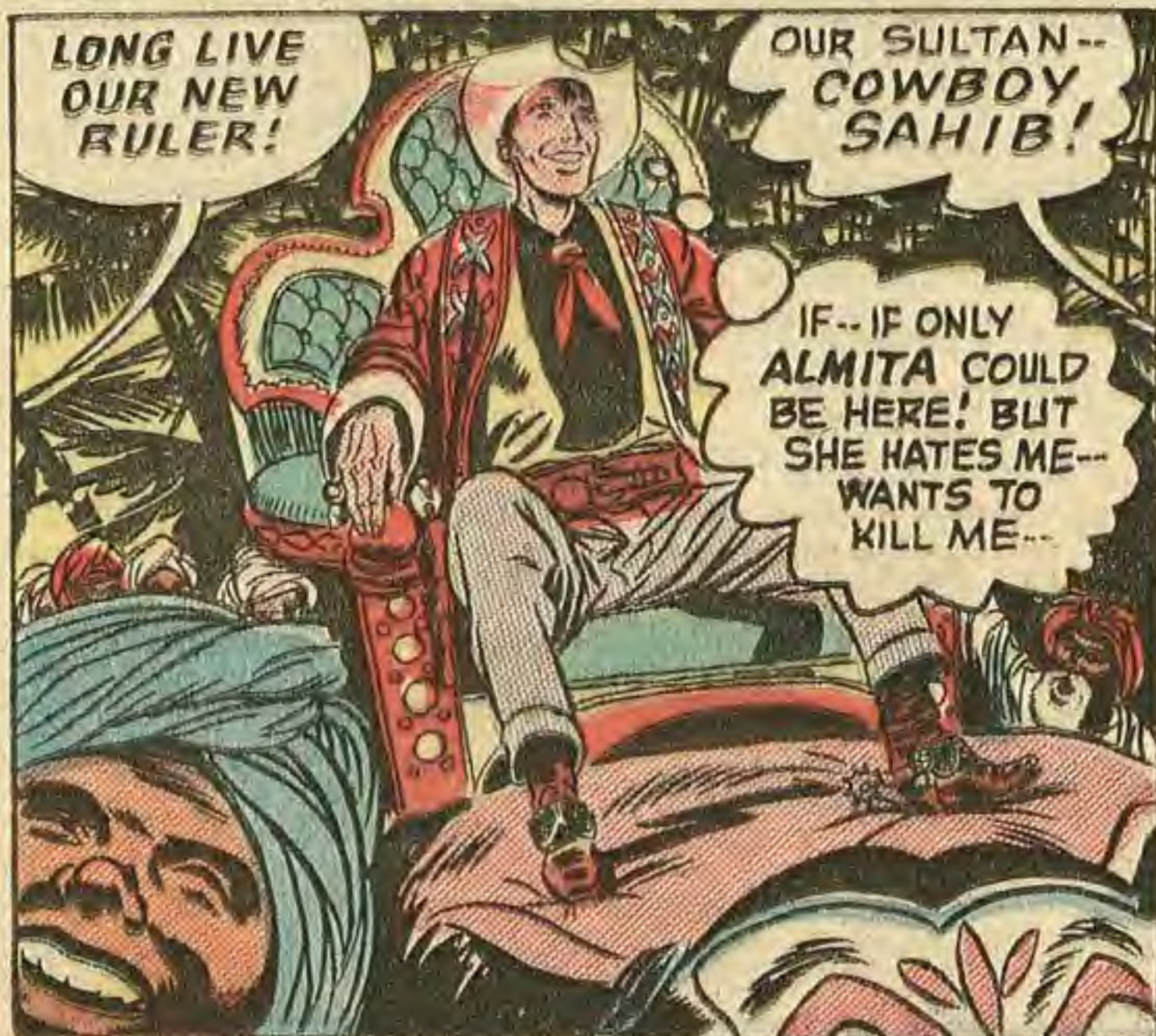
NO! WE'RE QUIT
NOW-- I SAVED
YOUR LIFE AND
YOU'VE SAVED MINE!
NO MATTER HOW
I FEEL WITHIN,
YOU'RE STILL MY
BROTHER'S KILLER--
I MUST HATE
YOU, HATE YOU
ALWAYS! WHEN NEXT
WE MEET-- IT WILL
BE OVER YOUR
BODY!



IT-- IT MUST
BE AS I SAID!
BUT MY HEART--
GOES WITH
HIM!

AND WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN PRINCIPALITY OF LARIJUNA,
THERE WAS REJDICING WITHIN THE NEXT FEW
DAYS! FOR A CRUEL SULTAN NO LONGER RULED! THE
ANCIENT CROWN WAS PLACED UPON THE HEAD OF A
NEW RULER-- A STARTLING VISITOR FROM ANOTHER
CONTINENT, KNOWN BY A STRANGE NEW TITLE--

BUT AN EVEN GREATER PERIL FROM ANOTHER
SOURCE LOOMED FOR COWBOY SAHIB!
FOR NOT FAR DISTANT --



LONG LIVE
OUR NEW
RULER!

OUR SULTAN--
COWBOY
SAHIB!

IF-- IF ONLY
ALMITA COULD
BE HERE! BUT
SHE HATES ME--
WANTS TO
KILL ME--



SPREAD THE WORD--
ROUSE ALL THE TRIBES
LOYAL TO ME! TELL
THEM TO GIRD FOR
WAR TO THE DEATH--
AGAINST COWBOY
SAHIB!

GET SET FOR WAR AGAINST OUR
FAVORITE WESTERNER! CAN COWBOY
SAHIB MEET THE CHALLENGE OF ORIENTAL
SAYAGERY? SEE THE BLAZING
ANSWER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

STAMPEDE!

IT WAS LONG after dark, but the tired cowhands remained clustered around the chuck wagon, nervous and fretful. It had been a long and hard drive along the Abilene trail, and the restless herd, sniffing the night wind, seemed ready to bolt at the slightest unexpected sound. Out on the plain the handful of fringe riders were singing mournful songs softly, lulling dogies to sleep like worried mothers at the bedside of a sick child.

Then, from far off, came the growl of a mountain lion. Instantly six hundred steers threw up their heads, nostrils flaring, ears cocked. A moment later there was a deep, throaty roar, and like a mechanical gadget, six hundred heads lowered, front hooves pawed the earth furiously, and like a shot, the herd was flying in terror.

"STAMPEDE!" The cry of panic carried across the plain to the chuck wagon. The resting cowhands were instantly on their feet, springing for the horses. "Head 'em off!" somebody yelled as the mass of fear-crazed animals bore down on the chuck wagon. The first panicked charge was irresistible. Wagon and supplies toppled like matchsticks and were pounded into the dust. It was all a good rider and pony could do to keep from being crushed.

"To the canyon!" shouted the drive leader. "Turn 'em or they'll run all the way tuh Colorado!" At all costs the stampede had to be stopped quickly, before the animals could run themselves into exhaustion, thereby seriously diminishing their market value. But controlling the movement of a terrified herd was next to impossible.

The thunder of hooves filled the plain, punctuated by the rapid firing of sixguns. The lead steers were dropped in their tracks, causing the followers to swerve sharply. The sudden movement almost trapped the riders on the left flank. All managed to fight clear, but one inexperi-

enced cowhand allowed himself to get wedged inside the billowing surge of animals. There was an agonized cry of terror as his horse staggered, but before anyone could reach him, both horse and rider disappeared into the crush.

An hour later, by dint of hard riding and reckless courage, the cowhands managed to run the herd into the blank wall of a canyon. There was a pile-up, causing the death of dozens of steers, but the stampede was stopped. For the cowboys, however, the damage was done.

It was a grim band that surveyed the carnage on the plain the next morning. Almost a third of the herd had destroyed itself, and two riders had been killed. "And all because o' that consarned mountain lion!" somebody said. There was no reply, but two men began riding towards the mountain from which the roar had come the night before.

Shortly after noon there was a flurry of shots from far off. Towards dusk the men returned, dragging the corpse of the mountain lion behind them on a rope. Silently, each cowboy emptied his sixgun into the riddled corpse. "I feel better," someone said finally. "So do I," added the drive leader. "Now let's start roundin' up strays. We got plenty o' hard work ahead."

There was little talk around the campfire that night, and nobody sang. "Heck," the drive leader said finally, "this ain't the first herd I've lost by a stampede, an' I don't reckon it'll be the last. But that's all part of a cowpoke's job an' yuh can't let it get yuh down. We'll make up the loss o' money next year. An' remember, we did get that ornery lion."

Suddenly, the tension was lifted and the men began talking freely. Soon, from out on the plain, came the plaintive songs of the outriders, lulling the remainder of the tattered herd to sleep.

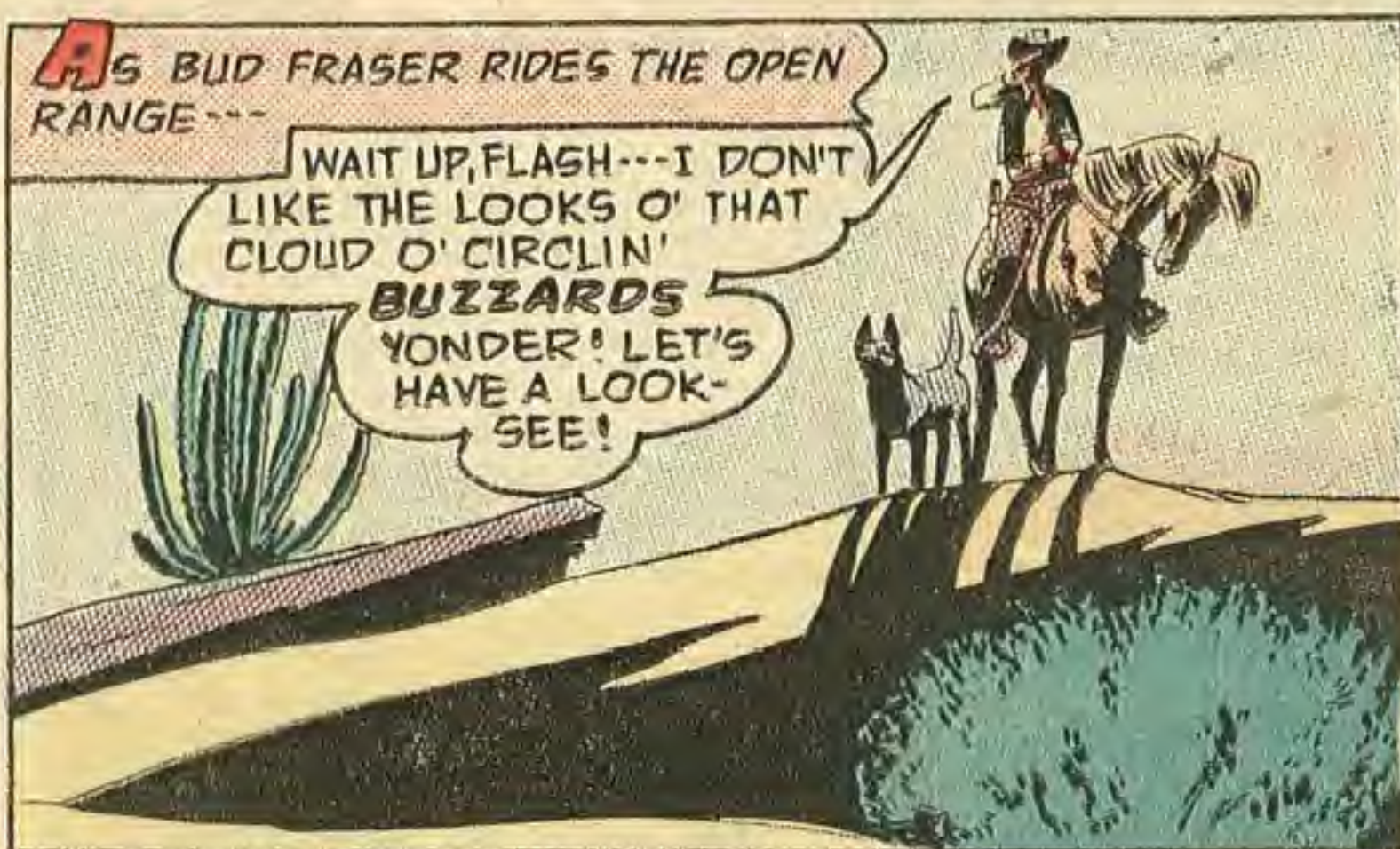
The HOODED HORSEMAN



START WITH A CREW OF COLD-BLOODED KILLERS AND A MYSTERIOUS AMBUSH---STIR THE INGREDIENTS WITH A JAILBREAK AND A LYNCHING---THEN BRING THE BREW TO A BOIL WITH THE SMOKING GUNS OF **THE HOODED HORSEMAN**---AND YOU'VE GOT AS RIP-SNORTING A SIXGUN SAGA AS YOU'VE EVER READ!

AS BUD FRASER RIDES THE OPEN RANGE---

WAIT UP, FLASH---I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS O' THAT CLOUD O' 'CIRCLIN' BUZZARDS YONDER! LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE!



VAMOOSE, YUH ORNERY VARMINTS--'FORE I SALT YUH ALL DOWN!

BANG!
BANG!



WAL, I'LL BE SWITCHED---THIS HOSS WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD, AND IT'S CARRYIN' A GOVERNMENT BRANDIN' MARK! PLENTY O' TRACKS ALL AROUND, LEADIN' TUH THAT CLIFF! WONDER WHAT---







THANKS, STRANGER---
YUH'RE THE FIRST WADDIE
THAT'S STOOD UP TUH
KRETLOW'S MEN SINCE
CLEM DIXON WAS THROWN
IN THE HOOSEGOW!

I AIM TUH KNOW **MORE**
ABOUT RIP KRETLOW---
AND CLEM DIXON! WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT?



BEST THING TUH DO WOULD
BE TUH PALAVER WITH DIXON'S
SISTER---THE RANCH IS JEST
A PIECE OUT O' TOWN!

THANKS, PARDNER
---I'LL DO JUST
THAT!



AND SO--- EASY NOW, ...
FLASH---SEEMS
LIKE WE'RE INTER-
RUPTIN' SOMETHIN'
INTERESTIN'!

MOLLY, EITHER YUH
CHANGE YORE TUNE
ABOUT ME, OR YORE
BROTHER'LL SWING
AFORE SUNDOWN!

DON'T THREATEN ME,
RIP KRETLOW! I'VE
TOLD YOU BEFORE,
I COULDN'T GET IN-
TERESTED IN YOU IF
YOU WERE THE LAST
MAN ON EARTH! AND
WHEN THE **MARSHAL**
COMES---YOU BETTER
BE GONE!

DON'T **BANK** ON THE
MARSHAL, GAL---'CAUSE
MAYBE HE **WON'T**
SHOW UP, AN' CLEM'LL
GIT HIS NECK
STRETCHED
GOOD AND
PROPER!

THAT AIN'T
NO WAY
TUH TALK
TUH A
LADY, YUH
SIDEWINDIN'
BUZZARD!



HOMBRE, IF YUH'RE RARIN'
FER A **RUCKUS**, RIP KRETLOW'S
JEST THE MAN TUH TRIM YUH
DOWN!

BUD FRASER'S
THE NAME, AMIGO---
AN' I'M TELLING YUH
TUH **MAKE**
TRACKS!



SLAP LEATHER!
WHAT THE---?

HE--- HE SHOT THE
GUNS OUTA OUR
HANDS!

BANG!

BANG!





THINGS ARE GETTIN' **HOT**...
AN' THE TOWNFOLKS'LL BE
SHOWIN' UGLY SOON! WE
BETTER HANG DIXON
PRONTO...AN' TAKE
CARE O' FRASER
LATER!

BUT---YUH **CAIN'T**
HANG ME! I GOT
A RIGHT---



YUH AIN'T GOT NO
RIGHTS AROUND
HERE! NOW, SHUT
UP, 'FORE I PLUG
YUH!

LET ME SPEAK TUH
MUH SISTER 'FORE
I DIE! YUH CAIN'T
REFUSE ME
THAT!

SHORE...
WE'LL LET
YUH TALK
TUH MOLLY!
I WANT TUH SEE
BOTH OF YUH
SQUIRM! SLIM
---GO GIT HER!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

CLEM! I WON'T LET
THEM DO IT TO YOU
---I WON'T!

THAR'S **NOTHIN'** YUH CAN
DO ABOUT IT, GAL---CLEM
SWINGS, AN' NOW! LET'S
GO, BOYS!

RECKON
IT'S TIME I
TOOK A
HAND!

GRRRR!



WITH CLEM LED OFF
TOWARD EXECUTION---

GIT 'IM,
FLASH!

SUFFERIN'
SASSAGFRAS!

GRR-RR!



GET THIS CELL OPEN
PRONTO, YUH SIDEWINDER
---'FORE MUH DOG TEARS
YUH TUH SHREDS!

ANYTHING,
FRASER---
BUT CALL
'IM **OFF!**

ARR-RR...



THERE! I
OPENED
---**UGH!**

**YUH'RE IN MUH
WAY, POLECAT!**

POW!

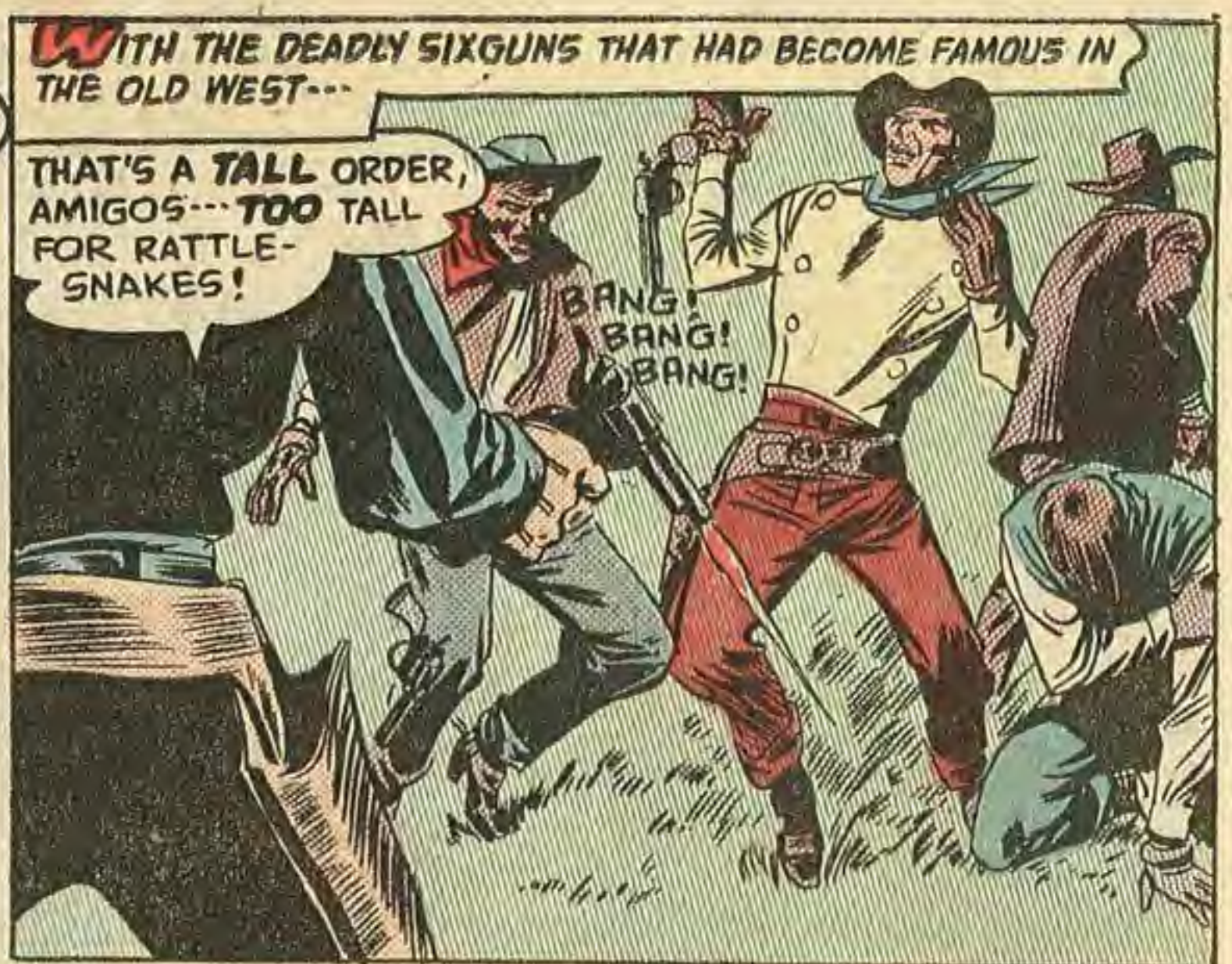


ONLY ONE WAY TUH OPEN THAT
DRAWER---**THIS!** THEN I'M GOIN'
TUH BREAK UP A **LYNCHIN'**---
AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN!
FLASH, YOU FOLLER BEHIND---AN'
STAY OUTA SIGHT TILL I NEED
YUH!

BAN!









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Bright Feather

BRIGHT FEATHER, YOUNGEST son of the great Shawnee chieftain Tomacin, caught up with the white men long after sundown. For the first time in his life he was going to disobey his honored father. But there was no help for it; Tomacin was leading the tribe straight towards disaster.

The braves had danced wildly after the big powwow. The old men had puffed the sacred pipes furiously. A bargain had been struck with the white traders: in exchange for pelts, furs, and much gold, the Indians were to receive guns, powder and whiskey. Bright Feather had opposed the agreement, but his youthful voice had gone unheeded. The angry braves wanted modern weapons at any cost. They had retreated like whipped jackals too long, and Tomacin had vowed that the whites would be driven from their hunting grounds. Bright Feather had fought many battles already, and though it pained him to admit it, he had long ago concluded that the palefaces would never be defeated, for were they not as many as the trees in the forest?

No, fighting was useless. The Shawnee would have to learn to live in peace with their white brethren, for otherwise, the red men would surely die. Bright Feather, already renowned for his bravery, saw this fact clearly. The white traders he had pursued all day were desperate men, unworthy to live, for were they not willing to sell guns which would be used against their own people? He had thought the matter over carefully. The only way to prevent the destruction of his tribe was to prevent the guns from ever reaching them. An agreement had been struck, but dead man could not carry out bargains.

He crept closer, peering through the leaves toward where the three palefaces were huddled together around a camp fire. They had evil, whiskey drenched faces, and as one of them carried a bottle of the accursed fire water to his lips, Bright Feather felt a surge of hatred sweep over him. He wanted to scream and charge forward brandishing his tomahawk, but he had learned restraint long ago. No, the whites were big, tough-looking, and carried side-arms. It would be stupid to charge them recklessly, just as stupid as the intent of his tribe to continue the futile fight against the settlers.

Bright Feather ran his finger along the edge of his hunting knife. Soon the palefaces would go to sleep. He could wait. Hours passed as he remained absolutely motionless in his hiding place. From afar came the wail of a lonely coyote. Then, when he heard the sound of even and regular breathing, he crept forward, with infinite stealth, gripping his knife tightly.

In five minutes his work was over. There had been no cry, no sound, nothing. The Indian prince looked down at the three corpses and considered taking their scalps. But that would be foolish, he thought, for Tomacin would be suspicious. Though he was a well-loved son, his father would have tortured him to death for such disobedience. Reluctantly, he ran to where he had hidden the pony, and galloped back to his tribe.

The drums were still beating and most of the braves were crazy drunk, still screaming death and defiance. But without rifles they would be forced to make peace at last. Bright Feather smiled. He had served his people well.

INJUN JONES

WESTERN HISTORY KNEW NO GREATER FURY THAN THAT WHICH WAS UNLEASHED WHEN ONE INDIAN NATION WENT ON THE WARPATH AGAINST ANOTHER... FOR THEN MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON BOTH SIDES WERE SLAUGHTERED MERCILESSLY! BUT THERE WAS ONE WARRIOR WHOSE BLAZING GUNS AND SMASHING FISTS ENFORCED PEACE AMONG THE TRIBES...THE WHITE APACHE KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WEST AS INJUN JONES!

YOU LOOK **WORRIED**, INJUN! WHAT DID YOU AND CHIEF **RED CLOUD** TALK ABOUT BACK THERE AT THE APACHE CAMP?

ABOUT **TROUBLE**, VICKIE! AN APACHE SCOUT JEST CAME BACK FROM THE ARAPAHOS COUNTRY WITH NEWS THAT THE ARAPAHOS' SACRED TRIBAL PIPE HAD BEEN STOLEN! AN' A COUPLE O' WHITE TRADERS HAD BEEN TELLIN' THE INJUNS THAT THEY'D OVERHEARD **APACHES** BOASTIN' ABOUT HAVIN' STOLEN THE SACRED FETISH!



THE ARAPAHOS SWORE TUH GO ON THE **WAR-PATH** AG'INST THE APACHES TUH AVENGE THE SACRILEGE -- BUT THEY DECIDED TUH HOLD OFF THE INVASION FER THE TIME BEIN', BECAUSE THIS IS THE TIME O' YEAR FER THEIR SACRED **SUN DANCE** FESTIVAL! BUT THEY PLAN TUH ATTACK IN FORCE JEST AS SOON AS THEIR FOUR DAY CEREMONIAL IS OVER! THE APACHES ARE INNOCENT, O' COURSE --- BUT IN ORDER TO DEFEND OURSELVES, THERE'LL HAVE TUH BE MASS TRIBAL WAR!

THE ONLY HOPE I'VE GOT TUH HEAD OFF THAT WAR IS TUH FIND THE TWO WHITE TRADERS WHO WERE SPREADIN' THOSE LIES ABOUT US --- AN' TUH BEAT THE **TRUTH** OUT OF 'EM!

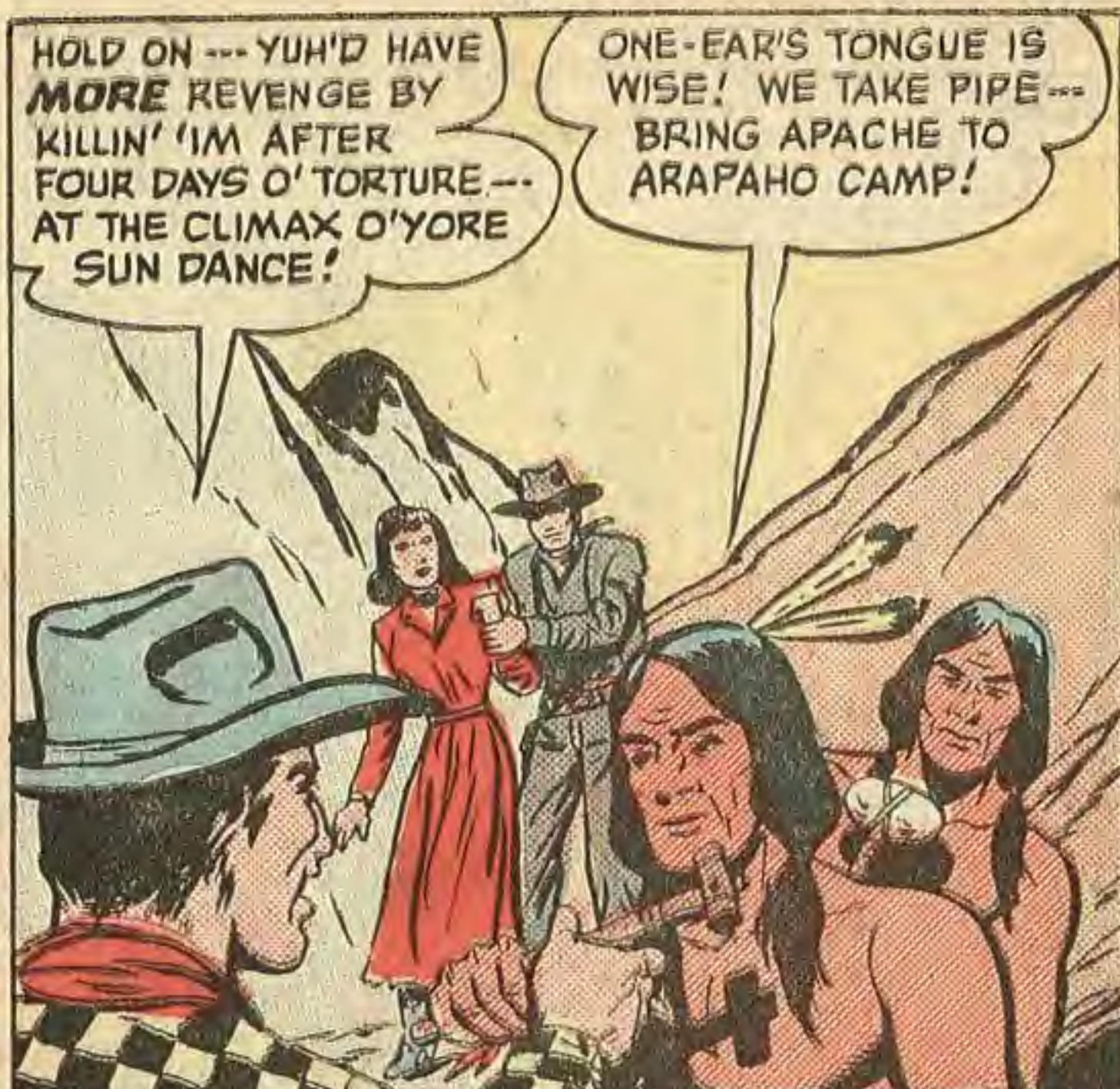






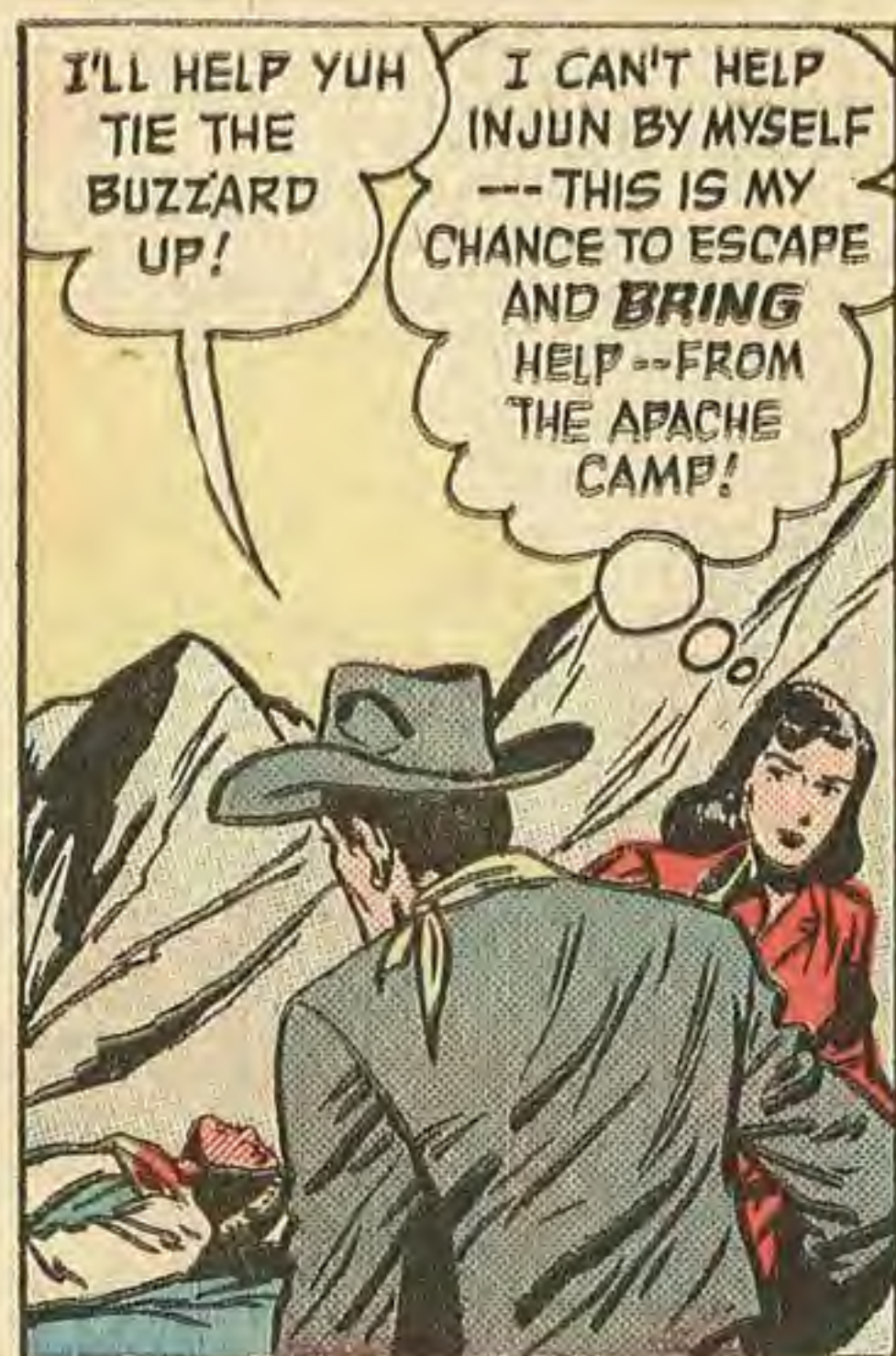
YUP --- HE
HAD IT, ALL
RIGHT!

ONE-EAR SPOKE TRUTH --- HE
TRUE FRIEND OF ARAPAHOS!
BUT NOW APACHE MUST **DIE**
FOR STEALING SACRED
PIPE OF OUR TRIBE!



HOLD ON --- YUH'D HAVE
MORE REVENGE BY
KILLIN' 'IM AFTER
FOUR DAYS O' TORTURE ---
AT THE CLIMAX O'YORE
SUN DANCE!

ONE-EAR'S TONGUE IS
WISE! WE TAKE PIPE ---
BRING APACHE TO
ARAPAHO CAMP!



I'LL HELP YUH
TIE THE
BUZZARD
UP!

I CAN'T HELP
INJUN BY MYSELF
--- THIS IS MY
CHANCE TO ESCAPE
AND **BRING**
HELP -- FROM
THE APACHE
CAMP!



RED --- THE
GAL'S GITTIN'
AWAY!

SHE CAN'T
RUN FAST ---
I'LL CATCH UP
TO 'ER AN' SHOOT
'ER DOWN LIKE
A DOG!



HA! EVERYTHING'S
WORKIN' OUT
PERFECT!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



GOT 'ER! --- THREE
SHOTS, RIGHT IN
THE BACK!

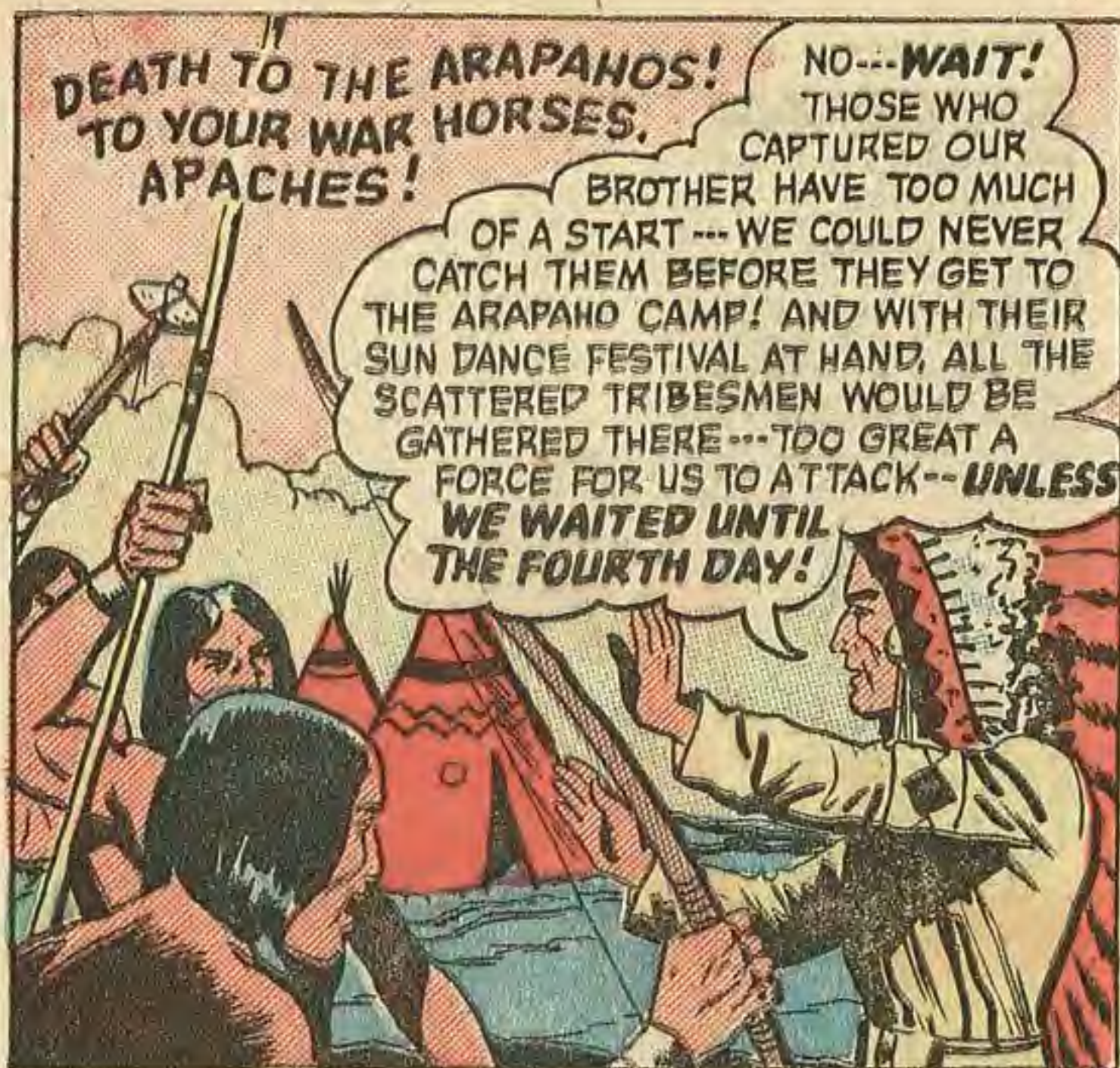
GOOD --- NOW THE APACHES
WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TUH INJUN JONES!
HE'S BEGINNIN' TUH STIR ---
LET'S GIT GOIN'!



LATER, AT THE APACHE CAMP...

INJUN JONES --- **CAPTURED**
BY THE ARAPAHOS --- SENTENCED
TO **DIE** AT THE END OF
THEIR SUN DANCE?

YES! I...I
BARELY
MANAGED TO
ESCAPE MYSELF---
I HEARD THEM
SHOOTING AFTER ME, BUT
I DIDN'T STOP TO LOOK
BACK! RED CLOUD, YOU'VE
GOT TO SAVE INJUN!



DEATH TO THE ARAPAHO!
TO YOUR WAR HORSES,
APACHES!

NO...WAIT!

THOSE WHO
CAPTURED OUR

BROTHER HAVE TOO MUCH

OF A START --- WE COULD NEVER
CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY GET TO
THE ARAPAHO CAMP! AND WITH THEIR
SUN DANCE FESTIVAL AT HAND, ALL THE
SCATTERED TRIBESMEN WOULD BE
GATHERED THERE --- TOO GREAT A
FORCE FOR US TO ATTACK --- **UNLESS**
WE WAITED UNTIL
THE FOURTH DAY!



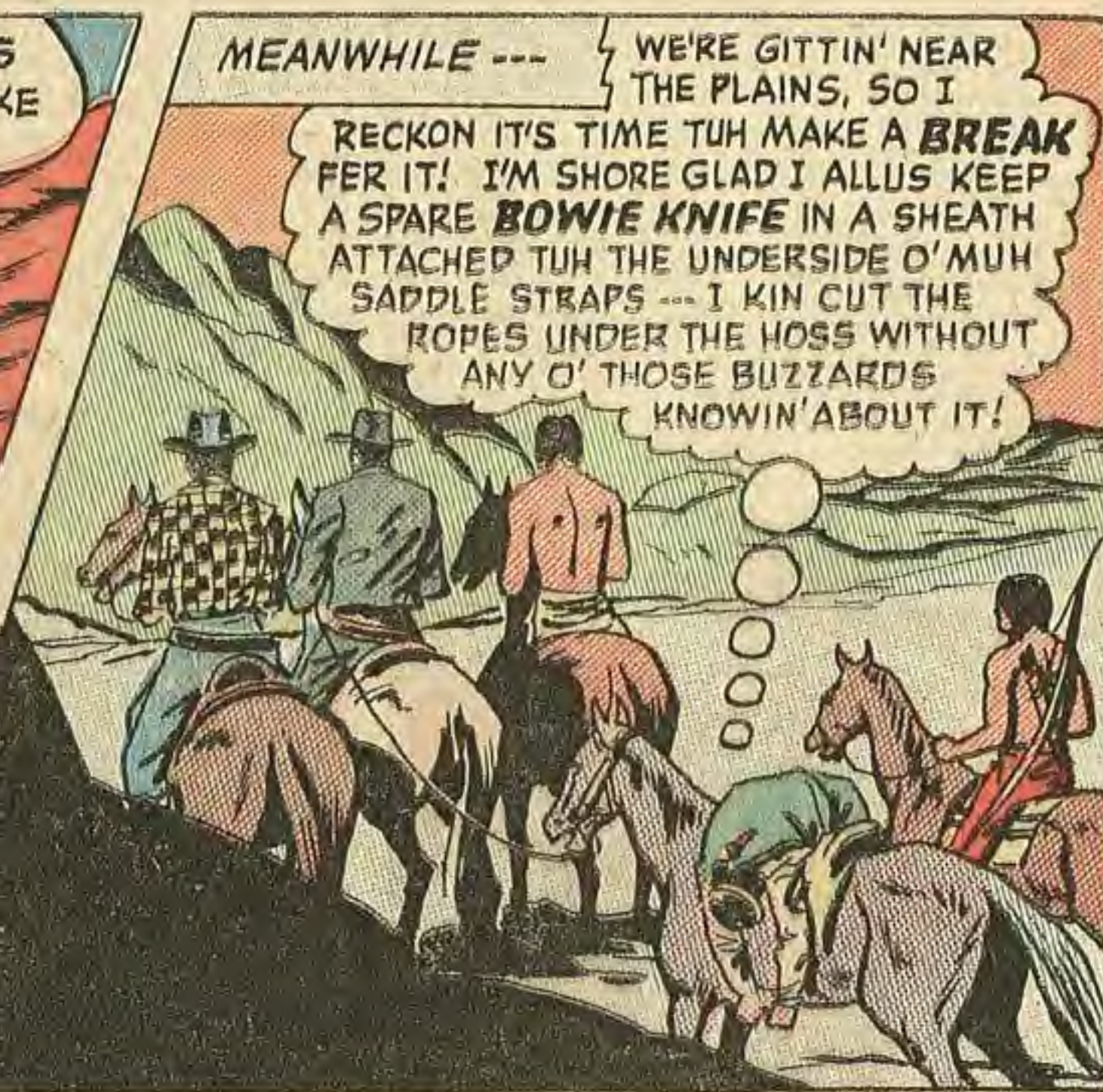
THE ARAPAHO WARRIORS FAST DURING THE FOUR
DAYS OF THE CEREMONY! SO, IF WE APPROACH
WISELY, WE CAN REACH THE ARAPAHO CAMP AT THE
END OF FOUR DAYS --- WHEN THEIR WARRIORS WILL
BE WEAK, SCARCELY ABLE TO LIFT A LANCE AGAINST
US! **THEN** CAN WE WREAK HAVOC AMONG THE
ARAPAHO --- AND RESCUE INJUN JONES WITHOUT
GREAT LOSSES TO
OURSELVES!

**RED CLOUD
SPEAKS
WISELY!**



BUT... BUT THEY'RE
GOING TO **TORTURE**
INJUN DURING THOSE
FOUR DAYS WHILE
WE'RE TAKING
OUR TIME!

FEAR NOT... INJUN JONES IS
A TRUE APACHE! HE CAN TAKE
ANY TORTURE DEvised
BY MAN OR DEVIL!



MEANWHILE ---

WE'RE GITTIN' NEAR
THE PLAINS, SO I

RECKON IT'S TIME TUH MAKE A **BREAK**
FER IT! I'M SHORE GLAD I ALLUS KEEP
A SPARE **BOWIE KNIFE** IN A SHEATH
ATTACHED TUH THE UNDERSIDE O' MUH
SADDLE STRAPS --- I KIN CUT THE
ROPEs UNDER THE HOSS WITHOUT
ANY O' THOSE BUZZARDS
KNOWIN' ABOUT IT!



THERE! NOW TUH SLAP MUH
BRONC **HARD** --- AN' SEND 'IM
SMASHIN' INTUH THOSE
VARMINTS AHEAD O' ME!



I GET
'UM!

WHA...!

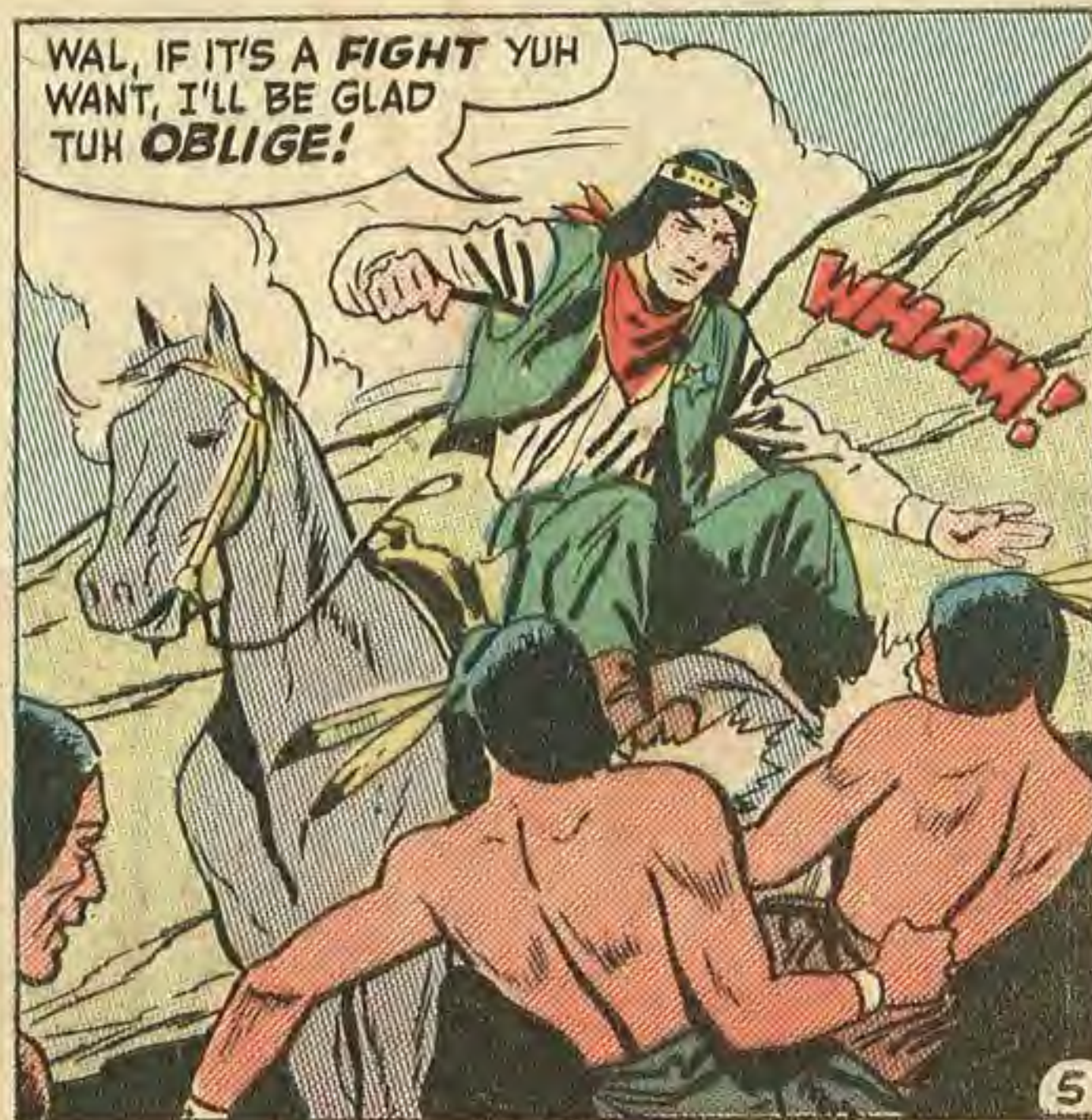
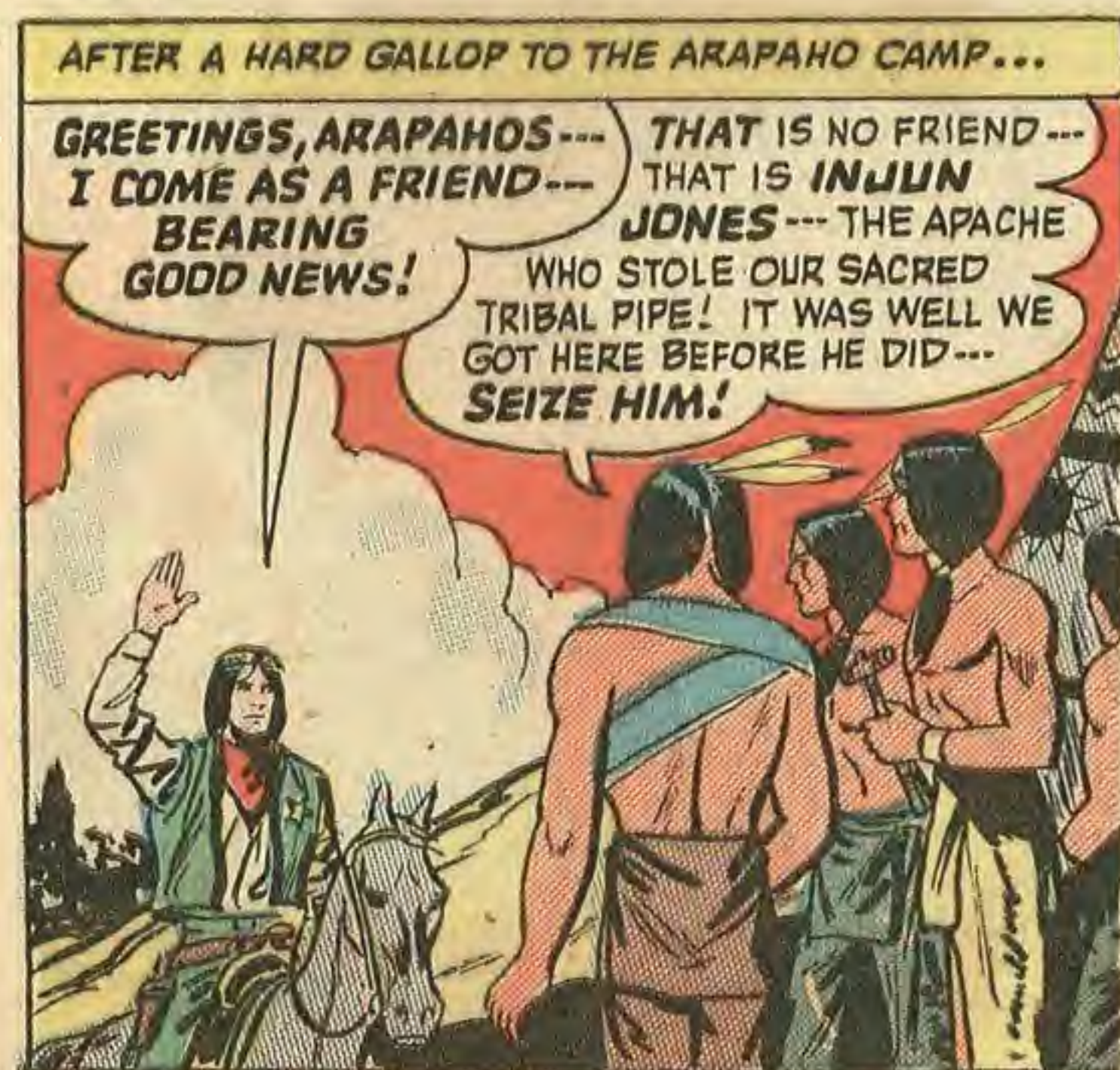
BLAM!

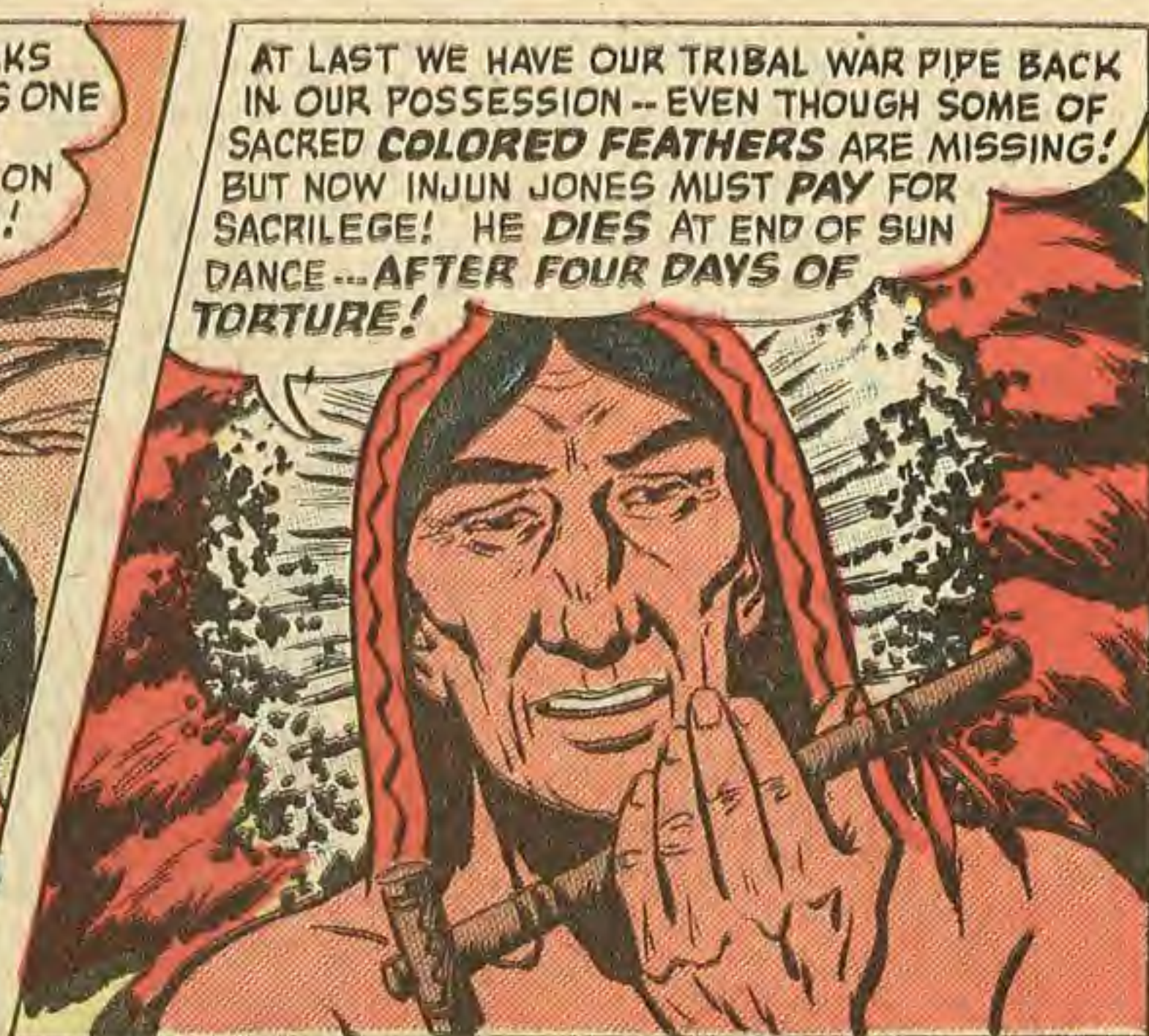


YUH **GOT** IT, ALL RIGHT!

VIII!

THWOK!





FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH NIGHT...

WE ARE ALL WEAK WITH FASTING... BUT NOW LET US RENEW OUR STRENGTH BY WATCHING OUR VICTIM'S DEATH! IGNITE HIS FUNERAL PYRE!

TO ARMS, ARAPAHOS! --THE APACHES ATTACK!

AS THE APACHES RIDE ROUGH-SHOD OVER THE HUNGER-WEAKENED ARAPAHO WARRIORS --

DEATH TO THE TORTURERS OF INJUN JONES!

IN THE MIDST OF THE TURMOIL OF BATTLE...

THIS IS WHAT WE WERE WAITIN' FER, ROD... NOW LET'S VAMOOSE!

EVERYONE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME... BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM TWO POLECATS! LUCKY THAT ARAPAHO SET THE STRAW IN BACK OF ME AFIRE FUST-- IF I SCROUNCH DOWN A MITE, THE FIRE'LL EAT AWAY AT THE ROPES TYIN' MUH HANDS!





APACHES--- SHEATHE YOUR WEAPONS! ARAPAHOS--- GATHER AROUND AND SEE WHO IS YOUR **REAL ENEMY!**

INJUN JONES--- HE IS ALIVE AND WHOLE! HEED HIS WORDS, APACHES--- **CEASE FIGHTING!**



WHAT HAVE YOU TO SHOW US, APACHE?

YUH SAID SOME O' THE SACRED COLORED FEATHERS WERE **MISSIN'** FROM YORE SACRED TRIBAL PIPE --- BUT IF ONE-EAR WAS TELLIN' THE **TRUTH** WHEN HE SAID HE TOOK THE PIPE FROM **ME**, THEN WHAT'RE SOME O' THOSE SACRED COLORED FEATHERS DOIN' STUCK TUH THE **INSIDE O' HIS SHIRT?**



IT... IT IS **TRUE!**



YUH STOLE THAT PIPE --- AN' HID IT INSIDE YORE SHIRT UNTIL YUH COULD PLANT IT ON ME! ADMIT IT, YUH COYOTE --- OR ARAPAHO TORTURE'LL BE **NOTHIN'** COMPARED TUH WHAT **I'LL** GIVE YUH!

I... I ADMIT IT! -- I GOT INSIDE INFORMATION THAT THE RAILROAD WAS GOIN' TUH OFFER THE ARAPAHOS A FORTUNE FER THE RIGHT TUH LAY TRACKS ACROSS THEIR LAND --- AN' **I** THOUGHT OF A WAY OF GITTIN' THAT MONEY!

I FILED A CLAIM TUH THE LAND --- BUT THE CLAIM WAS WORTHLESS UNLESS THE ARAPAHOS **ABANDONED** THE LAND! SO I STOLE THE WAR PIPE AN' BLAMED IT ON INJUN JONES --- TUH STIR UP WAR BETWEEN THE APACHES AN' THE ARAPAHOS! I PURPOSELY LET THE GAL GO, KNOWIN' SHE'D RUN TUH THE APACHES --- AN' THAT THE APACHES WOULD ATTACK WHEN THE ARAPAHOS WERE WEAK WITH FASTIN' AN' COULD BE WIPED OUT TUH THE LAST MAN! THEN **I'D OWN THE LAND --- AN' CASH IN!**



WE WILL TAKE CARE OF THE TREACHEROUS ONE-EAR WHO CAUSED UNNECESSARY BLOOD-SHED BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES! LET THE APACHES JOIN THEIR ARAPAHO BROTHERS IN SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE!

YOU HAVE SPOKEN WISELY! HENCE-FORTH OUR TRIBES SHALL BE AS ONE!

WAL, THAT'S THAT-- BUT I'LL ALLUS BE ON HAND TUH TAKE CARE O' ANYONE WHO BREAKS THIS PEACE PACT!



INJUN JONES WILL BE ON HAND IN ANOTHER THRILLING SAGA OF THE OLD WEST --- IN THE **NEXT ISSUE!**

BOOT HILL

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS HILLS IN AMERICA FROM THE 1870'S ON WAS **BOOT HILL**-- DODGE CITY'S CEMETERY, FINAL RESTING PLACE OF SOME OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS GUNMEN EVER TO SLAP LEATHER!

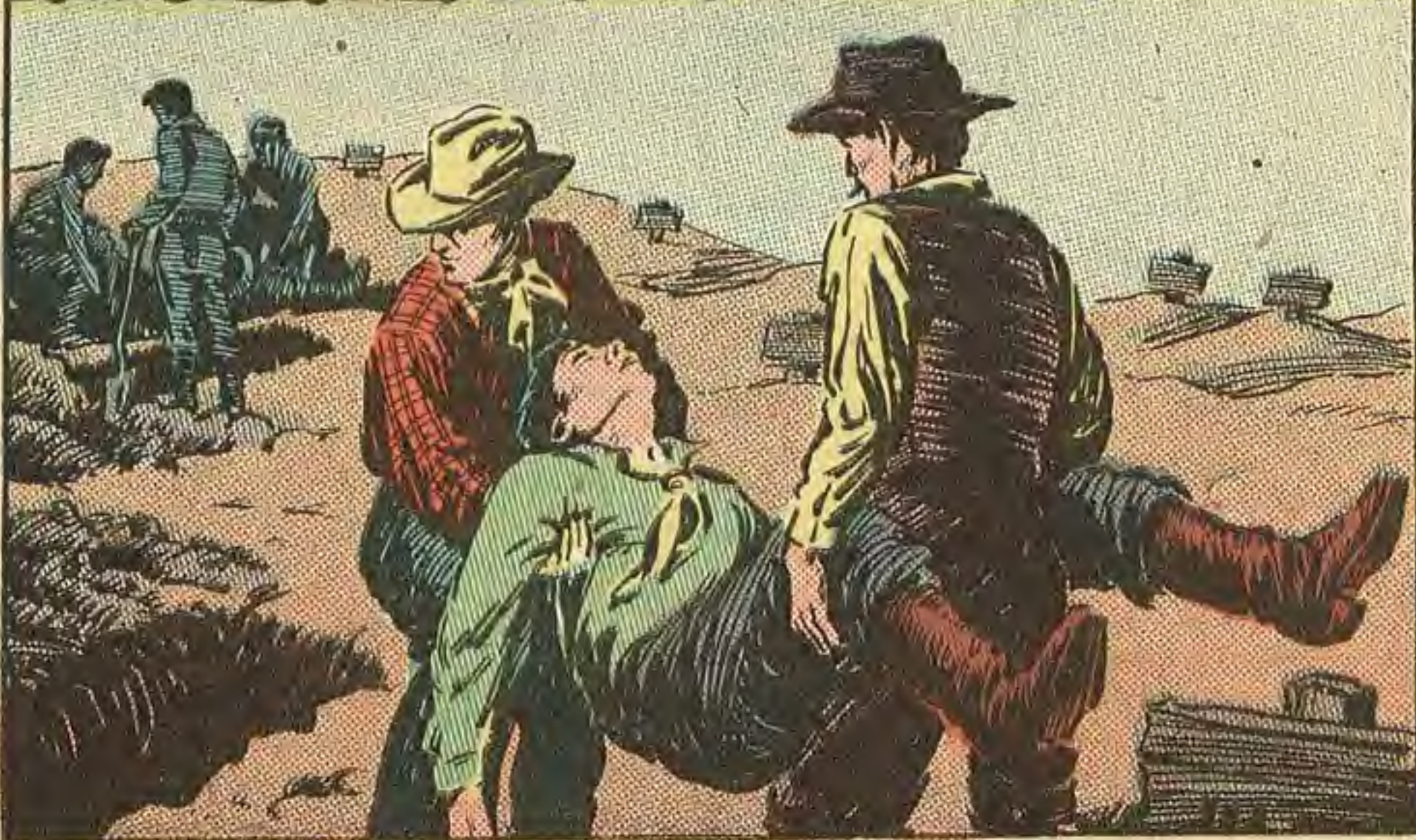
FROM THE YEAR OF ITS FOUNDING IN 1872, DODGE CITY WAS THE MECCA OF HORSETHIEVES, OUTLAWS, GUN-FIGHTERS, GAMBLERS, AND KILLERS-- AND ITS HANDFUL OF HONEST CITIZENS AND MERCHANTS LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR FOR THEIR LIVES!



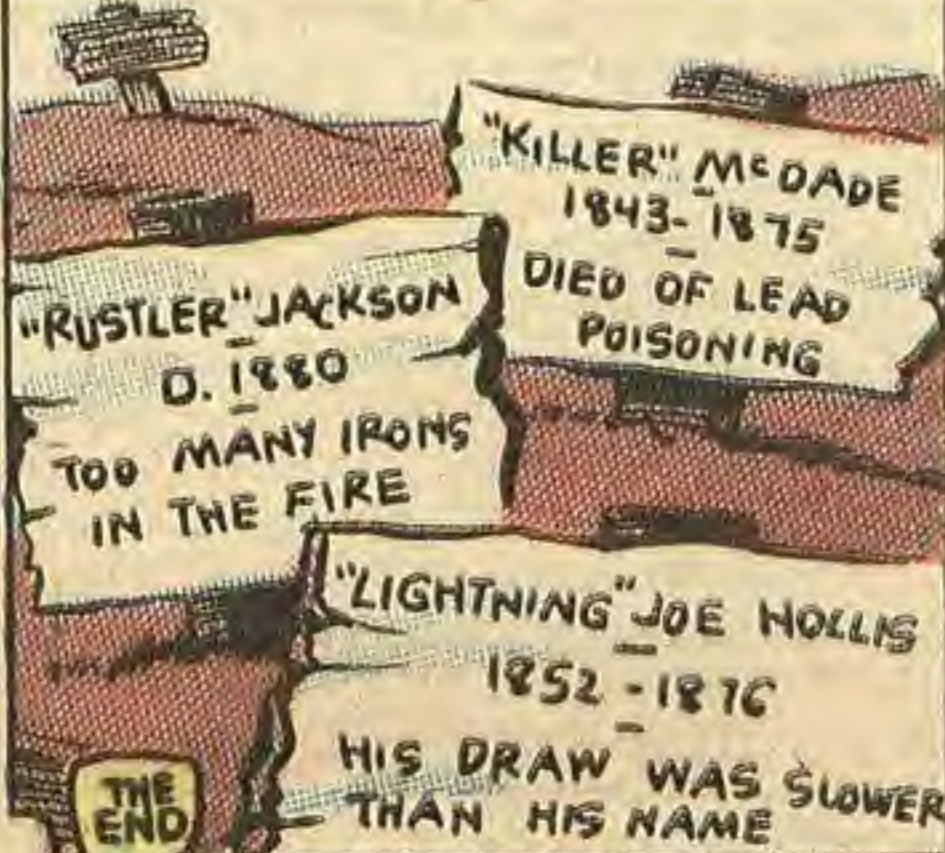
KILLINGS BECAME COMMONPLACE-- AND THE MARSHALL OF DODGE CITY HAD A BUSY TIME OF IT!



HOW DID BOOT HILL GET ITS NAME? FROM THE FACT THAT NEARLY ALL ITS INHABITANTS DIED WITH THEIR **BOOTS ON** -- AND WERE **BURIED** IN THEM!



TODAY, BOOT HILL IS THE SITE OF A CITY HALL-- BUT THE GRAVEYARD'S FAME STILL LIVES ON IN MEN'S MEMORIES-- AND IN THE EPITAPHS PRESERVED IN STATE MUSEUMS!



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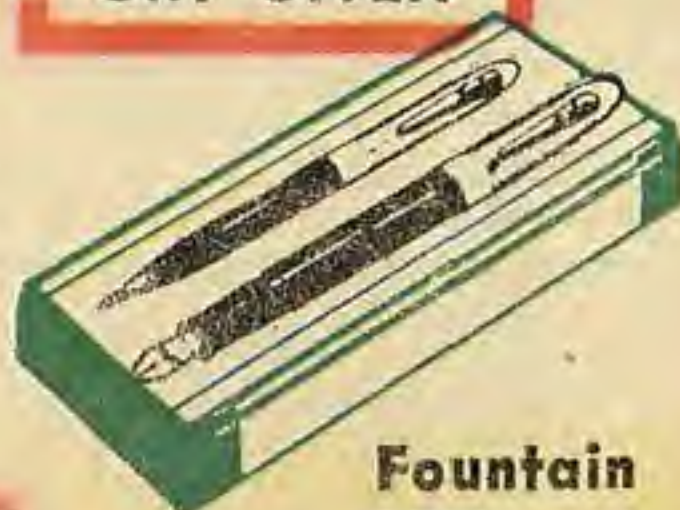


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